

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, November 26, 1803.

[No. 50.]

FOLLIES OF A NIGHT

OR

THE EVENTFUL JOURNEY.

A SKETCH

IT was seven o'clock, in the evening, when the Earl of Anglesford arrived at Fladong's hotel: He was attended only by his valet Du Frang, and one groom; for his hasty journey to town was a matter of business, not pleasure. "A quelle heure vill mi Lor please to dine?" asked the obsequious Du Frang. "I know not—I shall eat none—get what you will," was the Earl's answer, as he paced the room in perturbation. "Mi Lor vill be famished, Mon Dieu! no breakfast! no sandwiche! no dinner! mi Lor will die!" scarcely able to refrain from laughing at this piteous remonstrance, the Earl replied, "Well, Du Frang, let them fetch me some warm wine; and enquire if my steward has been here." Du Frang withdrew. The steward had not been; and Lord Anglesford, when he had taken his wine, sat out on foot for his house, the agitation of his mind not allowing him to wait till a messenger could be dispatched to him. The Earl had but recently obtained his title from a childless uncle, by whose sudden death the Hon. Mr. Fitzmurry became a peer, and inheritor of a splendid fortune.

He was about six-and-thirty years of age, handsome, engaging, and dissipated. One of his earliest attachments had terminated in a way productive of uneasiness to himself, and ruin to a lovely woman, whose subsequent infidelity to her seducer was the only apparent palliation of his fault. Rosa Wiliington had engaged his affections; and, though a variety of circumstances had prevented his marrying her, her misconduct deeply wounded his feelings; yet he determined to protect her child from the misfortunes and errors of its mother. Ellinore was placed at school, and a liberal education bestowed on her. On her removal, she was placed under the care of Mr. Byngley, his Lordship's steward, who was appointed to act as gaurdian till some plan was fixed for her more advantageous establishment; but while his Lordship's mind was occupied by this important decision, a letter from his steward gave him the distressing information that further trouble would be unnecessary, as Miss Fitzmurry had withdrawn herself from his protection, to follow the fortunes of a young, profligate adventurer, with whom she had formed a clandestine acquaintance. Stung to the heart by her unworthiness, yet determined to investigate the affair thoroughly, Lord Anglesford hastened to London, where he had but a short time back hoped to embrace a child whom he had never seen since her infancy, but who had never been absent from his heart.

Lord Anglesford found Mr. Byngley home. "Well, Sir, have you found my daughter?" was his first interrogation. "My Lord, I am extremely sorry to say I have not. Here is the advertisement, in which she is offered the forgiveness of her friends if she will return. A week has elapsed, and, to my inexpressible concern, no notice has been taken of it." Lord Anglesford sighed, and dropped the subject: he staid looking over some accounts till near ten o'clock, when he thought it time to return to his hotel. Passing the Opera House, he saw the doors opening for a masquerade. I shall sleep none to night, thought he; I may as well divert myself here. He went home took some soup, for he felt faint and exhausted; Du Frang put some powder in his hair, and again he sallied forth. The room was full, the company gay: but he partook not of their mirth. As he was strolling along listlessly about two o'clock, a tall elegant girl, in a pale blue domino, approached him. His Lordship had taken a few glasses of Burgundy, and was rather in better spirits. The lady placed her hand on his sleeve; her glove was drawn off, and her hand was the most beautiful he remembered to have seen. "Suppose we retire," said she: "this place fatigues me. I do not wish to abridge your amusement; but if you are not very much fascinated, I wish you would accompany me home." Her voice was melodious, and she spoke with the ac-

cent of a well-bred woman. Lord Anglesford pressed her hand gently, and led her to the door. "I believe the number of the coach is two hundred and twenty-three," said she. Lord Anglesford left her a moment. And went to seek it. His search was successful; and, determined to pursue the adventure, he handed her in. "Am I to drive where the gentleman ordered?" asked the coachman. "Certainly," was her answer; and she threw herself back in the coach. Lord Anglesford now began to think he had done wrong. The lady had probably mistaken his person; and as he had only addressed her in a low voice, she might have continued in her error. At all events, he resolved to see where the coach would stop before he undeceived her. Complaining of the heat, she threw off her mask; and, by the accidental light of the lamps they passed, he perceived she was young and beautiful. While Lord Anglesford was lost in conjecture, the coach stopped at the door of a house, the appearance and situation of which completely satisfied his Lordship's scruples; and he immediately broke his long-constrained silence by a hearty laugh at his own stupidity. Roused by his sudden exclamation, the young lady raised her head, and demanded where he had brought her. "Where the coachman was ordered, my dear girl," Lord Anglesford replied. She shrieked. "Ah, mercy!—a strange voice!—this odd looking house!—Oh, what have I done!—for pity's sake, sir, take me home." Lord Anglesford treated this as a trick, and begged her to alight. She burst into tears, exclaiming, "What will become of me!—Who will protect me!—Oh, my dear Mrs. Barlow, why did you let me go to a masquerade." Lord Anglesford endeavored to pacify her. He assured her, that if she was really a virtuous woman, he would not insult her, but would take her wherever she pleased. "Oh then, coachman, pray drive to Mrs. Barlow's in Berner-street." The man muttered, "The gentleman ordered me to drive here when he got out at the Opera House, and this is as good a home as that." "Oh, pray take me there," was all she could say. Lord Anglesford insisted on the coachman driving there, though much astonished at the whole affair. The agitation of the lady was too excessive to admit of conversation, or Lord Anglesford would have asked many questions: he therefore contented himself with requesting

permission to call on the following day, that he might properly investigate a transaction which had occasioned so much alarm to the young lady, and astonishment to himself. This was accordingly granted; and as the family were retired for the night, he withdrew immediately at the lady's desire, not without ruminating on the coachman's words, "This house is as good as that."

Being questioned by Lord Anglesford, the man declared that it was kept by a woman of bad repute; and Lord Anglesford thought it probable that it might be in his power to save an innocent girl from ruin. Again he imagined her behavior was but a piece of refined artifice to delude him, and thus bewildered in conjecture, he bent his course to the hotel. It was four o'clock in the morning, the lamps gave but a feeble light; and his Lordship on alighting, was near falling over a man who was stretched along the steps. Imagining him to be intoxicated, he gave the man a hasty push, when a groan of pain drew his attention. The door of the hotel was soon opened, and the servant in waiting bro't forth a light, by the aid of which they discovered that the man was bleeding to death. A pistol lay near him, which led them to conjecture that he had himself perpetrated the horrid act. By the Earl's order, he was brought into the house, and a surgeon sent for, by whose assistance the young man was soon restored to sense and motion. He gazed anxiously around. Where am I? Oh why did you call me back to wretchedness? Lord Anglesford was affected: for the appearance of the stranger bespoke more than common distress. They offered him some cordial; he waved his hand; Oh, if you have mercy show it to my mother! I deserve none: even now she perishes for want. O take her a morsel of bread. Oh, save my mother. Lord Anglesford assured him she should be relieved; upon which he took some refreshment, for he seemed really famishing. His dress, tho' shabby and disordered, was fashionably made, and his person genteel. In reply to Lord Anglesford's enquiries, he informed him, that his mother was a widow in extreme distress; distress which he acknowledged to have brought on her by his own extravagance. Her name, he said, was Annesley; her residence in Watdour-street. When his Lordship had dispatched Du Frang to her with the necessary relief, he pro-

ceeded to give the following account of himself.

"My father was a lieutenant in the army: he fell in battle; and the pension allowed by government to an officer's widow was all she had to support herself and two children, of whom I was the eldest. Being the exact resemblance of my father, I was beloved and indulged to the extent of maternal affection. A fatal indulgence! since it has caused our ruin. A second attachment, or, perhaps, the hope of providing better for her children, induced my mother to marry again: but, unhappily, her expectations were not fulfilled. Her second husband died insolvent; her pension was forfeited, and we had no means of subsistence. My mother endeavored to establish a little school; my sister worked at her needle; and I was supported in idle dissipation. It is needless to say that many mean subterfuges were requisite to support such a life; and my soul revolted at them; but the pride which was in some respect laudable, was in many others injurious to us, since it withheld me from making proper exertions for our support. My sister had been educated at school; she had a friend whose beauty had made a deep impression on my heart, Miss Fitzmurry—Fitzmurry! exclaimed Lord Anglesford; but checking himself, in the hope of learning his daughter's fate, he added carelessly, I once had a friend of that name; he is now Earl of Anglesford.—She is his daughter, said Annesley, sighing, amiable as lovely. He seemed so much exhausted by the conversation, that Anglesford, in compassion, restrained his own curiosity, and, after two hours repose, from which he derived considerable advantage, he resumed his narrative.

[To be continued.]

SCRAPS.

Mankind and dogs are just the reverse of each other; the former forget services and remember injuries, the latter forget injuries and remember kindnesses.

The display of a beautiful elbow is now becoming an old fashion, and some dashing belles introducing the display of a finely shaped knee.—This will be no difficulty considering that petticoats are laid aside.

[Continued from last week.]

THREE LETTERS,

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON THE PROPER EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

LETTER II.

I WROTE to you in my last about the purchasing of time, and shall here add the following observation; leaving what I have to say farther on the distribution of time to another occasion. A particular piece of business will prevent me for a while.

What signifies getting time enough, without being able to use it? If we are lazy, indolent, or indisposed, it will be much the same as if we had it not: it will be like earning a good meal, without a stomach to digest it, or an appetite to eat it; so that if we have ever so much time, and have not application, or if we are what the French call *dissipe*, it can be of very little advantage to us.

In order, then, to fit us for the right employment of time, our minds ought to be cool and serene, our thoughts clear, our spirits in vigor, but undisturbed, and not in a flurry.—The means to attain this is, to endeavor to be in good health of body. There is a strange sympathy and connection between the body and mind; the one is seldom well when the other is out of order. I am not going to prescribe to you as a doctor, not being skilled in that profession; but certainly regularity and moderation in eating, drinking, sleeping, exercises, study, business, and diversions, are the best means of preserving health, and consequently of attaining an easiness and calm of mind, joined with clearness and strength of thought.

But there are some other things that incapacitate us for study or business, which arise from the mind itself. All immoderate passions, such as grief, anger, too earnest desires, an inordinate pursuit of pleasure, or trifles, and setting too high a value on them; all these dissipate our minds, unnerve and weaken them; and at last sink them, leaving nothing but the dregs of thought behind.

Another consideration should make us still more careful to avoid whatever impairs or destroys our health of body,

or the faculties of our mind. The body and mind do not only act upon and affect one another mutually, but they react again and again upon each other, like a ball tossed to and fro, forward and backward, in a tennis-court: grief, rage, envy, or any other violent passions, do not only disturb and distract the mind, but they affect the health; when the health is affected, these passions become more violent, and less supportable; these passions, when become more violent, give a new wound to the health, which adds fresh force, or at least more malignity, to the passions, and so on reciprocally; and if God, out of his infinite goodness, had not given us such constitutions, as sometimes to get the better of all this, we do not know how certainly this action and reaction would destroy us. Indeed, it very often does.

ON THE ORIGIN OF FORKS AT TABLE.

THE use of forks at table did not prevail in England till the reign of James the First, as we learn from a remarkable passage in Coryat. The reader will laugh at the solemn manner in which this important discovery or innovation is related.

"Here I will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian town. I observed a custom in all those Italian cities and townes through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels; neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy.—The Italian, and also most strangers that are commonant in Italy, doe always at their meals use a little forke when they eat their meate; for while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten the forke, which they hold into the other hand, upon the same dish; so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This form in feeding I under-

stand is generally used in all parts of Italy, their forks for the most part being made of yronn, steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all mens fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home: being once quipped for that frequently using my forke, by a certain learned gentleman a familiar friend of mine, Mr. Lawrence Whitaker: who, in his merry humor, doubted not to call me at table, *Fercifer*, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

(To be concluded in our next)

THE LAWYER'S PATRON.

A curious Anecdote.

ST. EVONA, a lawyer of Britain, went to Rome to entreat the Pope to give the lawyers of that country a *patron*, to which the Pope replied, that he knew of no Saint, but what was disposed of to other professions. At this Evona was very sad, and earnestly begged the Pope to think of them. At last his Holiness proposed to St. Evona that he should go round the church of San Giovanni di Laterano blindfold, and after he should have said a certain number of Ave Marias, that the first saint he should lay hold of should be his patron. This the good old lawyer willingly undertook, and at the end of his Ave Marias, stopped at St. Michael's altar, where he laid hold of the *Devil* under St. Michael's feet, and cried out, "This is our Saint, let him be our Patron. Being unblinded, and seeing what a patron he had chosen, he went to his lodgings so dejected, that a few months after he died. His reputation for honesty was however so great, that a witty Frenchman wrote upon his tomb at Rome, "St. Evona, un Breton avocat non larron, hallelujah."

The following Advertisement is copied from the New-Jersey Journal.

"To be sold, on the 8th of July, 131 suits in law, the property of an eminent attorney, about to retire from business. N. B. The clients are rich and obstinate."

SINGULAR DETECTIONS OF
MURDER.

I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

HAMLET.

[The following instances, to which Shakespeare is supposed to have alluded in the above lines, are extracted from a scarce and curious book, called, "The Actor's Vindication," by THOMAS HERWOOD.

THE unchaste are by us shewed their errors, in the persons of Phrine, Thais, Lais, Flora, and amongst us Rosamond and Mistress Shore. What can sooner print modesty in the souls of the wanton, than by discovering unto them the monstrosity of their sin? It follows that we prove these exercises to have been the discoverers of many notorious murders, long concealed from the eyes of the world. To omit all far-fetched instances, we will prove it by a domestic and home-born truth, which within these few years happened. At Lin in Norfolk, the then Earl of Sussex's players, acting the old history of Fryer Francis, and presenting a woman, who insatiably doting on a young gentleman, had (the more securely to enjoy his affections) mischievously and secretly murdered her husband, whose ghost haunted her, and, at divers times, in her most solitary and private contemplations, in most horrid and fearful shapes, appeared and stood before her. As this was acted, a towns-woman (till then of good estimation and report) finding her conscience, (at this presentment) extremely troubled, suddenly shrieked and cried out—Oh my husband, my husband! I see the ghost of my husband fiercely threatening and menacing me. At which shrill and unexpected outcry, the people about her, moved to a strange amazement, inquired the reason of her clamor; when presently urged she told them, that seven years ago, she, to be possessor of such a gentleman (meaning him) had poisoned her husband, whose fearful image presented itself in the shape of that ghost: whereupon the murderess was apprehended, before the justices further examined, and by her voluntary confession, after condemned. That this is true; as well by

the report of the actors, as the records of the town, there are many eye witnesses of this accident of late years living, who did confirm it.

As strange an accident happened to a company of the same quality 60 years ago, or thereabout, who playing late in the night, at a place called Perin in Cornwall, certain Spaniards were landed the same night, unsuspected and undiscovered, with intent to take in the town, spoil and burn it; when suddenly, even upon their entrance, the players (ignorant as the townsmen of any such attempt) presenting a battle on the stage, with their drum and trumpets, struck up a loud alarm; which the enemy hearing, and fearing they were discovered, amazedly retired, made some few idle shot in a bravado, and so in a hurly-burly fled disorderly to their boats. At the report of this tumult, the towns-men were immediately armed, and pursued them to the sea, praising God for their happy deliverance from so great a danger, who, by his providence, made these strangers the instrument and secondary means of their escape from such imminent mischief, and the tyranny of so remorseless an enemy.

Another of the like wonder happened at Amsterdam in Holland. A company of our English comedians (well known) travelling those countries as they were before the burghers and other the chief inhabitants, acting the last part of the *Four Sons of Amon*, towards the last act of the history, where penitent Renaldo, like a common laborer, lived in disguise, vowing, as his last penance, to labor and carry burdens to the structure of a goodly church, there to be erected: whose diligence the laborers annoying, since by reason of his stature and strength, he did usually perfect more work in a day than a dozen of the best, (he working for his conscience, they for their lucre.) Whereupon, by reason his industry had so much disparaged their living, they conspired among themselves to kill him, waiting some opportunity to find him, asleep, which they might easily do since the sorest laborers are the soundest sleepers, and industry is the best preparative to rest. Having spied their opportunity, they drove a nail in his temples, of which wound immediately he died. As the actors handled this, the audience might on a sudden under-

stand an out-cry, and loud shriek in a remote gallery, and pressing about the place, they might perceive a woman of great gravity strangely amazed, who, with a distracted and troubled strain, oft sigh'd out these words;—"Oh my husband, my husband!" The play, without further interruption, proceeded; the woman was to her own house conducted, without any apparent suspicion, every one conjecturing as their fancies led them. In this agony she some of those few days languished, and on a time, as certain of her well disposed neighbors came to comfort her: one among the rest being churchwarden, to him the sexton posts, to tell him of a strange thing happening to him in the ripping up of a grave. "See here," quoth he, "what I have found, and shews them a fare skull, with a great nail pierced quite through the brain-pan. "but we cannot conjecture to whom it should belong, how long it hath lain in the earth, the grave being confused, and the flesh consumed." At the report of this accident, the woman out of the trouble of her afflicted conscience, discovered a former murder; for 12 years ago, by driving that nail into that skull, being the head of her husband, she had treacherously slain him. This being publicly confessed, she was arraigned, condemned, adjudged, and burned. But I draw my subject to greater length than I purposed; those therefore, out of other infinities, I have collected both for their familiarness and lateness of memory.

Droll Story of a Fisherman.

THE Marquis Della Scalas, in Italy, once invited the neighboring gentry to a grand entertainment, and all the delicacies of the season were accordingly provided. Some of the company had already arrived, in order to pay their very early respects to his excellency; when their major-domo, all in a hurry, came into the dining-room, "My Lord," said he, here is a most wonderful fisherman below, who has brought one of the finest fish I believe in all Italy; but then he demands such a price for it!" "Regard not his price, (cried the marquis) pay it him down directly." "So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take money." "Why, what would the fellow have?" "A hundred strokes of the strappado

on the bare shoulders, my lord; he says he will not bate of a single blow." Here they all ran down to have a view of this rarity of a fisherman. "A fine fish," (cried the marquis) what is your demand, my friend? you shall be paid on the instant." "Not a quatrin, my lord; I will not take money! if you'd have my fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado upon my naked back; if not, I shall go and apply elsewhere." "Rather than lose your fish," (said his highness) let the fellow have his humor.—Here! (he cried to one of his grooms) discharge this honest man's demand; but don't lay on very hard; don't hurt the poor devil much." The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to put his lord's orders in execution. "Now my friend," (cried the fishmonger) keep good account, I beseech you, for I am not covetous of a single stroke beyond my due." They all stood suspended in amaze while this operation was carrying on. At length, on the instant that the executioner had given the fiftieth lash, "Hold!" (cried the fisherman) I have already received my full share of the price." Your share! (questioned the marquis) what can you mean by that?" "Why, my lord, you must know I have a partner in this business; my honor is engaged to let him have the half of whatever I shall get; and I fancy that your highness will acknowledge by and by, that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke." "And pray my friend, who is this same partner of your's?" "It is the porter, my lord, who guards the out-gate of your highness's palace: he refused to admit me, but on the condition of promising him the half of what I should get for the fish." "Oh! oh!" (exclaimed the marquis, breaking out into a laugh) by the blessing of heaven he shall have his demand doubled him in full tale." Here the porter was sent for, and stripped to the skin; when two grooms laid upon him with might and main. The marquis then ordered his major-domo to pay the fisherman twenty sequins, and desired him to call yearly for the like sum, in recompence for the friendly office he had rendered him.

EPIGRAM.

ANCIENT Phyllis has young graces,
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one,
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one,
Where's the wonder now?

ACCOUNT OF A CHIRPING CLUB.

Addressed to the editors of a London Miscellany.

I TAKE the liberty to send you a description of a club called the Aviary, of which I have the honor to be president.

None but birds are admitted members of our society, and though we seldom meet till after sunset, some of us are always in full song, and seldom go to roost before night. Wishing to make our club respectable for its numbers, as well as for their respective talents, I shall think myself under considerable obligations to you, if you will admit this short epistle in your amusing miscellany.

Our members are, Edward Eagle, Henry Hawk, Sam Swan, John Jay, Henry Heron, Geoffry Goose, Daniel Duck, Tobias Turkey, Roger Raven, Richard Rook, Simon Swift, Mathew Martin, Samuel Swallow, Christopher Crow, Peter Parrot, Patrick Partridge, George Grouse, William Woodcock, Walter Wren, Nat Nightingale, Dennis Dove, Kenard Kite, Sam Sparrow, and Oliver Owl.

You will perceive, sir, that our society is capable of great increase, but we are very circumspect in the admission of our members. One Bartholomew Bat had the audacity to claim a place among us, but we rejected him, though he has wings, he is not to be ranked among the feathered tribe.

We spend our evenings in great harmony, notwithstanding we have some few dissonant voices among us, but Messrs. Raven, Rook, &c. are never permitted to open their beaks, but in a chorus.

Mr. David Daw was a member, till he was unanimously expelled for insulting the whole club, by moving to have our place of assembling called a cage. Birds were ever lovers of liberty; then what could he deserve, who could presume to start such an humiliating idea, in such an august society. Had he not hopped off, and immediately taken flight, I should have doubted of his personal safety, as every member would have pecked at him.

I am sorry you are not one of us, that we might hope to enjoy the pleasures of your company; but if any person should feather your nest, and make a bird of you, we shall be happy to furnish you with a perch.

I am, Sir, Yours,
EDWARD EAGLE.

ANECDOTE OF SHENSTONE.

SHENSTONE was one day walking through his romantic retreats in company with his Delia; (her real name was Wilmot!) they were going towards the bower which he made sacred to the ashes of Thomson, our harmonious countryman. Would to Heaven, said Shenstone, pointing to the trees, that Delia could be happy in the midst of these rustic avenues! He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A person rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money.—Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. Money, said he, is not worth struggling for.—You cannot be poorer than I am.—Unhappy man, says he, throwing him his purse, take it, and fly as quick as possible." The man did so. He threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the foot-boy, who followed behind him, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned, and informed his master, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped thro' the key-hole; that as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse on the ground, and addressing himself to his wife, "Take," (says he) the dear-bought price of my honesty." Then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul, to keep you from starving;" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone enquired after the man's character, and found that he was a laborer, honest and industrious, but oppressed by want, and a numerous family. He went to his house, where the man kneeled down at his feet and implored mercy. Shenstone carried him home, to assist at the buildings and other improvements which made himself so poor; and, when Shenstone died, this laborer went to his grave with the true tears of gratitude.

Immortal Benevolence! the richest gem that adorns the human soul! without thee, kings are poor; and in thy possession, the beggar is immensely rich!

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, November 26, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 35 persons during the week ending on the 19th inst.

Hives 2—whooping cough 1—hydrocephalus 1, peripneumony 1—dropsy 1 fits 1—bilious remitting fever 1—small pox 1—apoplectic fit 1—Consumption 13—dysentery 1—sprue 1—quinsey 1—sudden 1—decay 1—fever 2—Asthma 2—diseases not mentioned 6.

Mr. William Baker, of Morris county, New-Jersey, though deaf and dumb, who had been missing a few weeks, was discovered by a lad last week, in a swamp, about two miles from Morris Plains, sitting in an easy position, with his throat cut from ear to ear—it is supposed by those who have examined him, that he must have been in this situation some considerable time, as the vermin had picked out his eyes, and taken off a considerable portion of his flesh.

Captain Read, from Cape-François, says that place was reduced to the most desperate situation—that the brigands were within three miles of the city, and that in several late skirmishes they had carried all before them—that there was not bread sufficient for seven days in the place, and no meat but the flesh of mules, &c. Two days ago captain Read was fired at and brought to by a French privateer which lately left this port, and compelled to hoist out his boat and go on board; there was on board the privateer, captain R. informs, a Mr. Lewis, an American or English man, who formerly commanded a vessel out of this port.—*Charleston Courier.*

A late London paper contains the following curious recommendation in respect of raising troops to act against the French.

"Hitherto it has been the custom to raise regiments in particular counties, and from some county almost every regiment is named. Would it not be an improvement on the present system, (better adapted to feudal times than these of commerce and manufactures) to raise

regiments from particular trades? For instance, to raise a regiment of Taylors, a regiment of Shoemakers, a regiment of Butchers, &c. This would give more of an *Esprit du Corps* to the men than the name of a county. The whole privates of each regiment would feel animated as one man, not only to fight for their country, but to maintain the honor of their corps. How would every Cocker's head rise and his heart swell, when he read in the Gazette that the regiment of shoemakers, brave souls, put an end to the battle? How would the Corps of Hatters fight for the Crown? No man in these regiments would dare to be a coward, as he would be posted and scouted during the whole of his life by his shopmates, and could not go to work among them. The renown of the corps too, when they performed any glorious action, as they no doubt would do, would fire every brother tradesman to join them.—The Printers would make a great impression on the enemy; the Barbers would be sure to lazier them well; and the Taylors would give them a sound trimming. The only danger attending this plan would be, that if any corps suffered particularly in an action, the Shoemakers for instance, shoes would rise to an enormous price, and this to a commercial speculative man is an object of grave consideration."

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

She wou'd and she wou'd not—Cibber, and *Lock and key*, P. Hoare.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

On Monday evening was performed for the first time in New-York, the Comedy of *John Bull, or an Englishman's fire-side*, the most successful effort of the brilliant genius of George Colman, the younger.

Of the manner in which the manager has got it up and the merits of the performers in their several parts we shall say nothing until we have witnessed a second exhibition, only that we do not remember to have ever seen so perfect a first representation. The story runs thus—

Peregrine Rochdale, the eldest son of a baronet, when a boy about 15 runs away from his friends and determines, as the phrase is, to go to sea. Arriving at Penzance, he applies for succor

to *Job Thornberry*, a brazier, whose benevolence promotes him to assist the young adventurer (considering him an orphan) with 10 guineas. *Peregrine* goes to India, and being successful like all other heroes of romance who go to India, amasses an immense fortune and returns to England. Being cast upon the coast in a storm and supposing the ship would immediately founder, *Peregrine* takes under his arm a small trunk in which he had set aside 10,000 pounds (we presume in paper or jewels) as the proceeds of the brazier's 10 guineas, and jumping into the waves, swims to shore. Wandering upon Muckslush heath he at day-break arrives at the red cow, a miserable inn kept by *Dennis Brulgruddery* and his wife, the three-weeks widow of *Mr. Skinnycage* the lean exciseman. Near this hovel *Peregrine* rescues from violence a lovely girl who tells him that her name is *Mary*, and that she is the victim of the seduction of *Francis Rochdale*, the son of *Sir Simon Rochdale*, of the manor. Leaving his protégée, *Peregrine* goes in search of old friend *Job*, who after thirty years absence, he finds a bankrupt, and lamenting the flight of his only child, *Mary*. *Peregrine* produces the money which he calls *Job's*, who refuses to accept of it but as a loan, and then only persuaded by assurances of having his money restored to him. *Job* and his daughter being re-united, he determines on a visit to the manor-house to demand justice, and accuse the young Squire to his father; and accordingly goes with *Mary* under his arm. *Peregrine* likewise repairs to the manor-house. *Job*, in a scene without parallel in the English language, asserts his right, and reproves *Sir Simon Rochdale*; he is seconded by *Peregrine*, who finding *Sir Simon* averse to doing justice, declares himself the elder brother and owner of the Rochdale estate. *Sir Simon* consents to his son's making honorable reparation, and the piece concludes. *Dennis Brulgruddery* is a very whimsical and pleasant agent throughout the piece, and his man *Dan* is no unprominent figure in the group. The Hon. *Tom Shuffleton*, *Lady Caroline Braymore*, and her father *Lord Fitz Balaam*, are in every respect very secondary.

The afterpiece was *Ways and Means*, a production also of Mr. Colman's. The prominent figure in this piece is *Sir David Dunder*, who was ably represented by Mr. Harwood. We cannot

too much admire the manner in which this gentleman recites a good or a whimsical thing. He appears altogether unconscious of *Sir David's* absurdities and whims while representing them, and by that circumstance doubles their force upon his audience. We have seen actors, and heard them applauded too, who always gave you to understand, now follows a joke, and Mr. — knows it to be such. Mr. —, the actor, is seen, and the author and his character is forgotten.

Mr. Hogg was to-night very well in *Tithoe*, which is what we could not say of his first representation of the character.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

John Bull, and the Village Lawyer. We shall now proceed to remark upon the manner of playing this very charming comedy.

Mr. Tyler, in *Peregrine*, was correct, and delivered both the narrative and sentiment with energy and propriety.

Mr. Hogg's *Job Thornberry* was a spirited and chaste performance, altogether different from any thing we have before witnessed from this gentleman, and altogether superior to any thing he has hitherto done. His manner was as much altered from that he assumed the first night as was his dress; and we hesitate not to say that the *Job Thornberry* of to-night was an excellent exhibition of character.

We witness in Mr. Harwood's *Dennis*, a naturally imitated brogue, joined to a rich vein of humor, so free from the dross of buffoonery, yet so completely full of the characteristic whimsical vulgarity intended by the author, that we are amazed when we are told that this gentleman never played in Irish characters before.

Mr. Hallam portrayed *Dan* with much ability.

Sir Simon Rochdale was in the able hands of Mr. Johnson, but we were sorry to notice the hoarseness under which he labored.

Mrs. Hogg improved upon her *Mrs. Brulgruddery*, both in her manner of marking and playing the part.

Mrs. Hallam looked truly charming, and did as much for *Lady Caroline* as the part will admit.

Mary, the lovely *Mary Thornberry* was represented to-night with more naïveté and pathos than at the first representation. Mrs. Johnson, it is superfluous to add, was a worthy representative of the heroine of the piece.

The inferior characters were well supported, and the piece throughout received with the warmest testimonies of approbation.

In the *Village Lawyer*, Mr. Harwood had another opportunity of showing his power of diversifying his comedy, and of marking with a masterly hand his strong conception of the author.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Married.

On Monday evening last week, Mr. Horner Jennings, to Miss Maria Fox, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. John W. Gale, merchant, of the house of Bennet and Gale, of this city, to Miss Eliza Marvin, of Norwalk.

Same evening, Mr. Dugald McKenzie, to Miss Ann Macintire, both natives of North-Britain.

Same evening, Mr. Peter Tinsaint, to Miss Diana Nixen, both of this city.

Same evening, Mr. John Burze, to Miss Ann Margaret Burgh, both of this city.

Same evening, at Newark, Mr. Isaac Beach, to Miss Abby Earl, both of that place.

Same evening, at Newtown, (L. I.) Mr. Thomas Alsop, to Miss Catherine Brinkrof.

Theatre.

On Monday evening, November 28,
WILL BE PRESENTED,
the uncommonly celebrated Comedy of

JOHN BULL,

Or, AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

Written by G. COLMAN, the younger.

THE ORIGINAL EPILOGUE

To be sung by Mr. HARWOOD.

To which will be added,

A Farce, in 2 acts, called,

All the World's a Stage.

WHITES & CHARTERS,

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano
Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to
any that have been imported, as they are made after
the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and
the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often
as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange.
Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with
neatness and accuracy.

E. WOUFFENDALE,

MILLENER AND MANTAU-MAKER,

No. 154, Broadway,

Has received a handsome assortment of Millinery
from London; she has also on hand a quantity of
fashionable split straw Bonnets, several boxes of beau-
tiful Flowers to dispose of, either by wholesale or re-
tail.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of
elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22,
Stone-street.

JAMES EVERDELL,

Professor of music, respectfully in-
forms his friends and the public, that he
has removed to No. 90, Chamber-street,
and that he continues to give instructions
(at home and abroad) on all kinds of
string, and wind instruments.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and
the public in general, that he has for sale
TICKETS in the present lottery for the relief of Widows
with small children—And knowing that a name, though
empty in itself, oft times stamps the face of things with
a current value, (witness the numerous fortunate lot-
tery offices in this city, ornamented and neatly gilt, en-
deavored to attract the eye of the anxious adventurer)
the subscriber, to vary the scene, has presumed to adopt
the above title—There is the harm?

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet."
He with truth acknowledges, that in former lotteries he
sold a great number of tickets that proved unfortun-
ate, but the public may rest assured that the fruit was not
his: But as all human things are continually chang-
ing, why may he not flatter himself, that in the present
lottery (founded for the most benevolent purpose), he
may have the honor of bestowing *David Fortune's* most
favorite numbers; then he may with equal propriety al-
ter his present title, and not deviate from truth—
Therefore, under the present head, he offers his for-
tunate numbers for sale; and sincerely hopes his most
sanguine wishes may be realized.

JOHN TIEROUT.

N. B. Tickets now selling for 7 dollars, and by
reason of the great demand will soon rise.



[From the Chronicle.]

MESSRS. PRINTERS,

Doubting not your readiness in giving place to every thing within your power that would tend in the least degree to correct Vice, & protect Virtue, I have sent you the following for insertion; it happened in New-York, was there published some years since, and was afterwards published in Europe, from whence it is now copied by one of your friends and customers.

"A Gentleman in the medical line was some time since requested to visit a patient, and was conducted up three pair of stairs into a gloomy, shabby, sky-lighted apartment; when he entered he saw two young females sitting on the side of a very poorly furnished bed, and without curtains: on approaching, he found one of them nearly in the agonies of death, supported by the other, who was persuading her to take a bit of bread dip in spirits; but the pale emaciated figure refused, saying, in a feeble languid voice, it would but contribute to prolong her misery, which she hop'd was drawing to an end; and looking at the doctor, said, you have come too late, sir; I want not your assistance—and thus address'd him—

Oh! could'st thou minister to a mind diseas'd,
Or stop the access and passage to remove—

Here she fetch'd a deep sigh, and dropt upon the bed—every means of relief was afforded, but in vain; for in less than two hours she expired.

In a small box by the side of the bed were found some papers, by which it appeared that the young woman was of a good family, and had more than an ordinary education—that she had changed her name, and concealed that of her parents; whom she pitied; and whose greater fault had been too much indulgence, and a misplaced confidence in the prudence of their favorite daughter.

On the back of some directions respecting her funeral, the following pathetic lines were written; and some little money in the box was assigned to have them engraved on a tomb-stone; thus—

*Veritas for my Tomb-stone, if ever I should have one,
By a penitent and a penitent.*

THE wretched victim of a quick decay,
Reliev'd from life on humble bed of clay—
The last and only refuge for my woes,—
A lost, love-ruin'd Female, I repose.

From the sad hour I listen'd to his charms,
And fell, half forc'd, in the deceiver's arms,
To that whose awful veil hides ev'ry fault,
Shelt'ring my suff'ring in this welcome vault.
When pamper'd, starv'd, abandon'd or in drink,
My thoughts were rack'd in striving not to think,
Nor could rejected conscience claim the power
To improve the respite of one serious hour.
I durst not look on what I was before,
My soul shrunk back, and wish'd to be no more.
Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,
Old, ere of age; worn out, when scarce mature,
Daily debas'd, to stifle my disgust
Of forc'd enjoyment in affected lust!
Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt, and want,
My home a brothel, and the streets my haunt,
Full sev'n long years of infamy I've pin'd,
And fondled, loath'd, and prey'd upon mankind;
'Till the full course of sin and vice gone through,
My shatter'd fabric fall'd at twenty-two;
Then death, with ev'ry horror in his train,
Have clos'd the scene of naught but guilt and pain!
Ye fair associates of my op'ning bloom,
O, come and weep, and profit at my tomb;
Let my short youth, my blighted beauty, prove,
The fatal poison of unlawful love.
O, think how quick my foul career I ran,
The dupe of passion, vanity, and man.
Then shun the path where gay delusions shine,
Be yours the lesson,—and experience mine.

*Original Epitaphs, copied from the grave
stones in Potter's field, N. York.*

ALL you friends that pass by,
Pray give a look—and cast an eye,
And pray for me, for you must die,
As well as Jemmy Jones,—that's I.

["Alas! poor ghost," your knowledge of men must have been but small, supposing that you could procure their prayers, when in fact but few pray for themselves.]

ANOTHER.

DEAR readers, count those many days that's past,
God only knows but this may be your last;
To-morrow night beneath the silent clod,
You may be laid quite snug by God.

*Another one hath this Inscription, which, if true, he
must have been a man in ten thousand.*

IN MEMORY OF

The faithful husband, tender father, sincere friend,
peaceable citizen, honest merchant,
virtuous mason, and
good christian,

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 39 MAIDEN-LANE,

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe, elegant Pianos Fortes, with or without the additional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Corni, and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drum, Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment of Music for different instruments by the most favored composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz.—
A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our
Sachem, long may he live."
Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks, Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-covers, Bread-baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on the lowest terms.



N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double-scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Palmaturas, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetics, for immediately whitening the skin.

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